

Fall 1975

EXAMS	SUMMER SCHOOL	SOCIAL	SUMMER	SOCIAL	JOB	REGISTRATION FALL
ACADEMIC			one thousand \$1000			ACADEMIC
SOCIAL						SOCIAL
STUNT			WESLEYAN			HOME-COMING
SOCIAL						SOCIAL
ACADEMIC			five hundred \$500			ACADEMIC
REGISTRATION SPRING	HONOR COURT	SOCIAL	JANUARY TERM	SOCIAL	CHRIST-MAS	EXAMS

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Cover by LYNN MCGUIRE

THE WESLEYAN MAGAZINE

of Creative Arts

Fall 1975

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Morning sun rises

On a long night just past.

Get up.

Brush your teeth.

Brush away tobacco stains,

alcoholic breath.

Brush away meaningless words,

false smiles.

Scrub harder, harder.

Brush away your conscience.

Darla Grinstead

It's been one of those days
when
all I want to do
is
sit around writing poetry.
So
do I sit around writing poetry?
No.
Mostly
I just sit around.

Darla Grinstead

man gave me
Old at our birthday

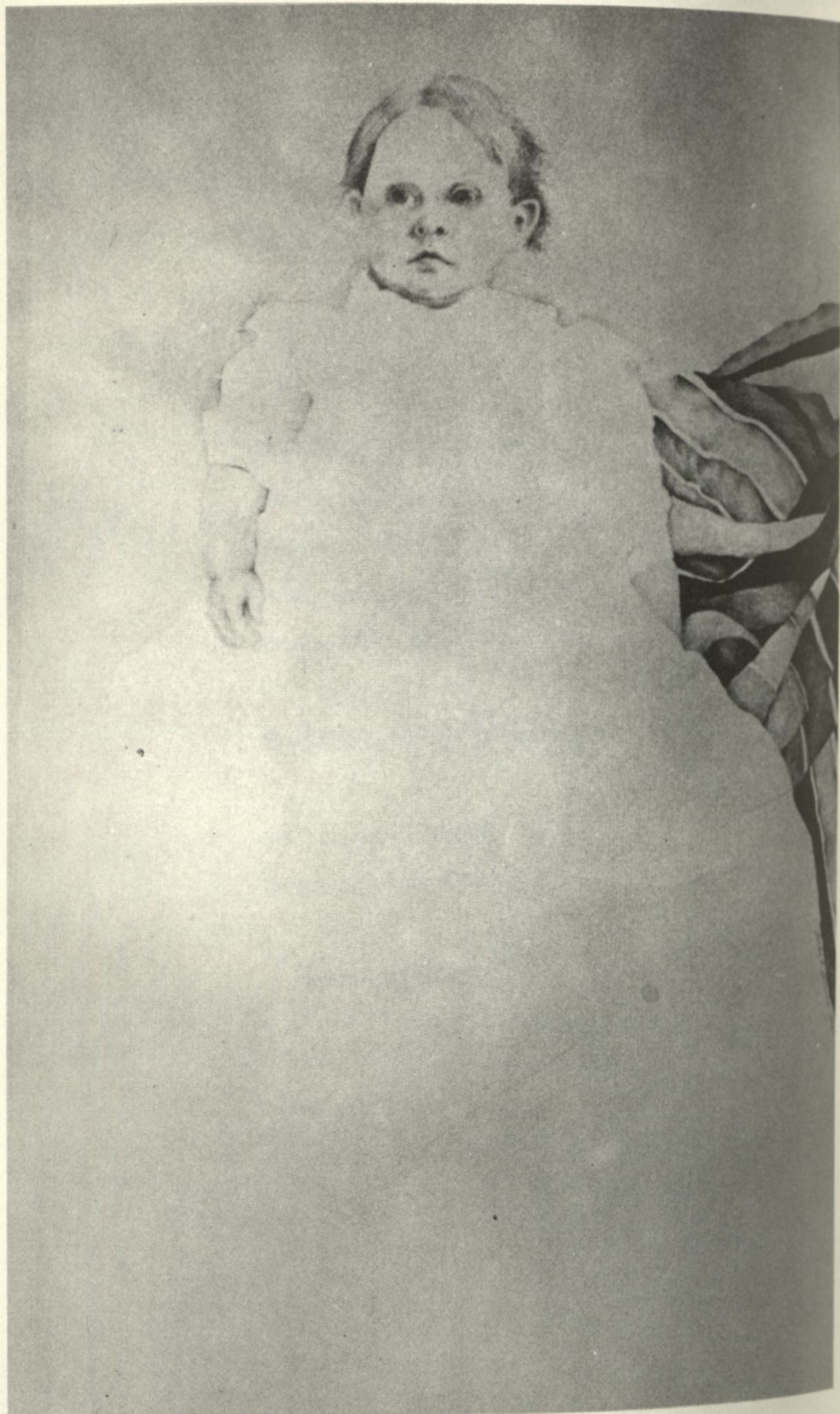
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Linda Thrasher

THE BIRTHDAY

Today she did not notice the shabbiness, or even the emptiness of her old house, as she stepped from the house into the new light of the early morning sun. She stepped carefully down the steep, age-weakened stairs leading to the front sidewalk. The pressure of each step was just enough for the unpainted wood to groan with her weight. Since spraining her ankle last fall while hurrying down the stairs, Nora took one step at a time and held onto the wobbly rails with both hands.

At last she reached the bottom step, and with a heavy sigh she turned to look at the tall stance of her house as a stranger on the sidewalk might observe it. It looked very much like the other grey-shingled houses on the block, except that none of her windows were broken and her lawn was always freshly mowed.

With a quick glance up and down the deserted street and with the morning paper in her hand, Nora took a deep breath for her returning journey up the stairs. With each step it became more and more difficult for her to breathe. And, as always, the pain in her back and her arthritis became more acute when she attempted this trip up and down the stairs. It seemed that the Lord added another step every day and the journey up to the porch grew harder and harder. She always made it to the rocker on the poorly screened porch, though, no matter how much she struggled up the last few creaking steps.

She opened the screened door at last and let it slam into place, as she hobbled, breathing heavily, to her favorite rocking chair facing east towards Molly

Higgin's house. Nora smiled as she opened her paper remembering the day she and Molly had celebrated their mutual birthday when she had turned eight and Molly had turned six. They had raced up and down each other's front stairs as if they had known someday the stairs would seem like an obstacle rather than a treat. Since 1953, when Molly returned to her family's home, Nora and Molly celebrated their birthday with a home baked cake and a little gossip. Nora thumbed the pages of the *Journal* until she found the society section.

This early hour of the morning had become her favorite time of the day. The sun, still orange, rose gracefully over Molly's house adding an aura of peace to the empty street and a temporary beauty to the row of houses in need of repair. From her large, open porch, Nora saw the paint peeling away on Molly's house, not to mention the sagging floor of Mr. Greene's front stoop. But today she refused to think about the changes on the block. She had simply too much to do today to sit here reading depressing headlines and ambiguous horoscopes.

So she rose slowly from the rocker supporting herself by leaning heavily on the arms of the chair. She folded the *Journal* into fourths and tucked it under her left arm as she entered into the dim hallway. The deep red and brown linoleum, cracked in too many places, creaked with each footstep, but it had become a familiar and pleasant sound in the seventy-five years Nora had lived there. She quickened her step and the rhythmic creaks augmented as she hurried to the kitchen. Placing the newspaper on her table for two, Nora reached

for her grandmother's collection of recipes to look for something special.

Her fingers traced the recipe names as she read through meats, casseroles, pastry, breads, and, finally, cakes and pies. Nora flipped patiently through the recipe cards, one by one, looking for the cake recipe that Molly loved more than any other, "Fruit-filled Tea Cake." She pulled the card out of the file and read through the ingredients. It all seemed easy enough, except for peeling the apples, of course, but it had to be done.

Nora peeled apples, hummed Cole Porter songs, and listened for the telephone to ring. In less than an hour, a massive bowl of sliced apples sat in the middle of the table. Nora's fingers felt stiff and her wrists were almost numb. Never mind, she enjoyed baking and she was sure Molly's surprised expression would make every stiff joint worth while. Nora preheated the oven to 350° hoping for a good cake, despite the fact that it was being baked in an electric oven. Taking her mother's wooden spatula, she mixed everything together and poured the mixture into a large, heart-shaped pan and placed it in the oven.

Setting the timer on forty-five minutes, Nora hobbled once more over the creaking linoleum to a closet at the back of the house. Taking out aerosol cans of window cleaner, air freshener, and furniture polish, she groped around the second shelf until she found three pieces of cloth to use as rags. Clutching the cans closely, she turned down the hall again and walked slowly to the living room. With an almost inaudible sigh, she set them down on a table and inspected the room, not knowing where to begin.

She decided on cleaning the windows first because she detested that task most of all. With the cleanser and cloth in one hand, she pulled open the draperies with the other. The middle of the morning sunlight proved that the windows could not be left out of the day's spring cleaning. The sunlight discovered filmy windowpanes sprinkled with fingerprints. Spraying a small bit of cleanser on each of the nine panes, Nora wiped each one with an experienced circular motion. The top three panes were no trouble, but the grimy spots on the lower panes took much more time. She propped herself against an overstuffed, calico chair to rest her swollen ankles. Finishing the last pane of the front window, she turned to the north one. Her arthritic ankles supported her long enough for her to do a hasty cleaning job of the second window.

After that she sat heavily in her overstuffed chair lifting her feet to the low matching hassock. She leaned her head back not resisting the urge to close her eyes for a few minutes. Just as her mind began to wander into a more delightful world, the timer shrieked its pierce whistle.

Nora pulled herself up and shuffled as quickly as she could to the kitchen. The sweet bakery scent of the baking cake drifted as far as the dining room and hall. With a homemade, well-worn potholder in each hand, she lifted the tea cake from the oven and placed the pan on the top of the stove. Dragging a chair over to the

highest cabinet, she climbed onto it holding onto the wall and the cabinet for support. Someday she would remember to go through all her cabinets, putting everything she used within closer reach. For now, she searched through old tube pans and cookie cutters to find her cake rack. Of course, the very thing needed would be the utensil furthest away. But she managed to stretch until she could grasp it and settle back into the chair. She sat in the chair for a moment to settle her quick breathing and rapid heartbeat.

Her heart continued to beat rapidly as she placed her cake on the rack and thought about entertaining her closest friend, Molly, and maybe one or two of her children. It had been nearly a year since she had seen either of her grandchildren and nearly that long since she had had a letter from any of her children or her sisters. Even Molly had not been to visit for several weeks. Today would be different though; today was her birthday. And even the grandchildren always sent her a card on her birthday. She couldn't tell if she was more excited about the cards and letters the mailman might bring or Molly's visit so they could reminisce together.

When she was certain her cake was not going to fall, she crossed the dining room. As she hobbled into the living room, she glanced expectantly at the telephone. Then she looked for the furniture polish. The clock over the piano chimed eleven as she found the furniture polish and began dusting and polishing the mantel. This room had accumulated more knickknacks and memorabilia in the past seventy-five years than any other room, and that made dusting one of her most dreaded chores. Every time she dusted this room, she examined the photographs and tea cups and other assorted souvenirs of her younger days over and over again. She laughed to herself. So that was the reason it always took so long to dust this room.

Nora nearly jumped when she heard the telephone ring. She rushed somewhat painfully to the phone at the corner and let it ring three times before picking up the receiver and answering "hello" in her most practiced casual voice. "Mrs. Evans, this is 'Thompson's Pharmacy.' Your prescription won't be ready until tomorrow." "Thank you. That will be fine." She frowned and put the receiver down slowly.

She turned again to the mantel, and lifted up photographs of her mother and father and sisters as she dusted. Looking thoughtfully at the pictures, she knew her memory must be fading, because she only remembered having good times as a child. They had survived through a typhoid epidemic, woman's suffrage, and two tornadoes. Together they had enjoyed watermelon picnics and visits to Grandpa's farm. Nora turned to the piano and looked at the pictures of her own children and grandchildren. Graduations, weddings, vacation babies—each with its own memory.

With each passing year, Nora missed Ben, her husband, and her children more and more. She smiled at their own wedding picture, she and Ben had been very close, even after the children had left home. When Ben died nearly twenty years ago, Nora was left alone with the small monthly pension and social security

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checks and the never ending bills. She kept the house as well as she could with her small budget. Ben would have been proud of her small accomplishments—the repairs on the roof and stairs and the freshly painted trim. Nora couldn't do very much with the faded wallpaper or the cracked linoleum, but the heavy, oak furniture didn't seem to age under her special care.

Nora remembered the summer of 1925 more clearly and joyfully than any other time. That summer Ben bought a dry goods store and enjoyed being a perky salesman. Benjamin Jr. turned four and had welcomed the twins—Emily and Daisy—as happily as Nora and Ben had. The summer had not been too dreadfully hot, so she had kept Benjamin happy with pitchers of lemonade and had the babies sleep on the porch as she sewed, knitted, and crocheted baby clothes. And then one day Ben brought home an automobile—a new Ford. It had been a marvelous summer.

Of course, giving Benjamin a toy medical bag on his fifth birthday had not been one of her wisest ideas. From then on all he talked about, read about, and dreamed about had been surgery. Now he was one of the state's finest neurosurgeons and still he was not satisfied. Nor had his wife been. Perhaps that was why Sarah had left him. Benjamin had deserted her long before.

Emily worked as a public relations director for a department store and enjoyed writing for the publications and mediating in employer-employee meetings, but she did not do as well with her family. If something was not written in her appointment book, Emily would not remember it. Emily's two daughters often had to remind her about dinner parties, grocery shopping, and birthdays. Nora chuckled. Thankfully Daisy had not been so scatterbrained as her sister could be. Before moving to Michigan, Daisy had taught at the university and had frequently stopped by to see her mother after classes. Nora missed Daisy's regular visits and Emily's absent-minded ones.

Angry at herself for thinking such selfish thoughts today, she wiped two tears away with the hem of her apron and fiercely polished the old, black upright. She sat on the floor to polish every crevice in its carved legs. The nicks made by three generations of children were barely visible from a distance.

Nora stood again and uncovered the yellow and black keys. She dusted the ivory quickly and surprised herself by covering the keys again without playing even one song. Then she rearranged the family portraits and stood back to look over her work. The room looked much better. It not only seemed cleaner, it seemed fresher and brighter. As a finishing touch, she sprayed the room with a violet scented room freshener. She would rather place vases of fresh violets around the room, but hers had not bloomed this year for reasons she did not know.

As she stood there gazing about the room, Nora realized how extremely tired she had become. Her legs felt as though they might collapse under her, the muscles in her right arm ached, and her fingers cramped miserably. She turned and walked across the

hall and into her bedroom and laid down hoping the tiredness would leave. She closed her eyes, and she slept.

When she awakened it was nearly two o'clock, almost time for the mailman to come by. She sat up on the side of the bed and reached for the ointment for her arthritis. It hurt the joints of her fingers to hold the tube in either hand. But, as she rubbed the dull, translucent cream onto her knuckles and fingers, it soothed the pain until she could roll her hand into a fist and open it again with ease.

Feeling a little hungry, Nora walked easily to the kitchen. As she passed the letterholder on the bookcase in the hall, she prayed at least one of her children would remember to send her a birthday card today. In the kitchen she hummed as she made herself a salad and a cup of tea. Her children would remember her today; she had no doubts of it. Maybe Emily and the grandchildren would stop by, if they weren't too busy. She finished her salad and washed and dried the dishes and returned them to a cabinet.

On her way to the bedroom, Nora heard the mailman climb the stairs, open the mailbox, drop something in, and descend the stairs. She walked, almost skipped, to the front door she was so excited. She reached out for the doorknob and then stopped with her hand still in the air. She would save the birthday cards until after she had bathed and dressed.

Nora turned on the hot water tap in her bathtub and let the water run a few minutes to get warm. As she waited, she looked through her closet for her new blue and lavender dress and black shoes. The shoes were in the closet, but she could not find the dress. It had to be here in this room. She shut the closet door and it slammed echoing her frustration. She looked around the room opening boxes and drawers, and there it was—behind the door. She had forgotten that she had already taken it out this morning before breakfast. Smiling at her own forgetfulness, she heard the water running. She hurried into the bathroom, covered the drain, and played with the taps until she had adjusted the water temperature to suit herself.

The room filled instantly with the aromatic scent of violets, as she poured her favorite bath oil into the water. She turned the water off, stepped out of her clothes and into the bath hardly holding on to the side of the tub for support. Nora almost melted into the warm water as it relaxed her mind and her muscles. She closed her eyes and sang lullabies she had sung to both her children and grandchildren. The warmth and smoothness of the water and oil alleviated the pain in her stiff joints and the dull ache of her back. She was ready to enjoy the afternoon.

Refreshed and eager to open her mail and visit with Molly, Nora hurriedly rubbed moisture cream over her dried skin and wrinkles and splashed too much cologne onto her throat and shoulders. She dressed with painstaking care to be sure that every seam and button was in place.

Nora sat down at her dresser and inspected her facial features in the mirror as she had not done in a long

time. Her face, pale and wrinkled—especially around her eyes and the corners of her smile, had rounded out in the past ten years. No longer youthful or naturally soft, she did not think it looked seventy-five as her grandmother's certainly had looked. Her gray eyes seemed smaller as her eyelids drooped uncontrollably. At least her hair was as thick as always, though dark grey. She brushed it briskly away from her face, but the short curls fell forward framing her full cheeks and firm chin. She applied cream to her face and throat softening the leathery, aged skin. With a little powder and rouge and a touch of red-brown lipstick, she was ready to collect her birthday mail.

Taking one last look in the mirror, she straightened her dress and fluffed her hair and walked to the porch with her new shoes clicking against the linoleum. She unbolted the door and opened it with anticipation. Opening the mailbox, she held her breath as she pulled out three envelopes. She sat in the rocking chair, and as she read the return addresses her hands shook. The first envelope contained her electric bill, the second a cosmetics advertisement, the third—the third was from Emily's daughter Karen. A graduation announcement. The envelopes fluttered to her lap and she held her head in her trembling hands.

As the shadows of the maple trees in her front yard became longer, Nora quieted and rocked, wondering why they had forgotten. Wondering where she had failed. The ache in her back returned and every joint stiffened in pain. Outside a boy, no more than eight or nine, flung the evening newspapers from his bicycle basket into the neighboring yards and finally came to her house. He placed her newspaper in the container at the bottom of the steps, and waved cheerfully. She gave him a weak smile, but she was too tired to make the journey down the stairs.

Nora took the letters from her lap and with her shoulders slumped and her head down she walked into the house and down the hall to the kitchen. She put the envelopes on the bookcase before entering the kitchen. Shaking her head, Nora walked into the kitchen and looked disappointedly at her heart-shaped "fruit-filled tea cake" which still lay on the cake rack. She took her best cake dish from a lower cabinet and washed it thoroughly. Twice. After drying it, she placed the cake on it and carried it into the living room and placed it on the center of the coffee table.

Selecting a novel from her collection in the overcrowded bookcase, Nora tried to read. She tapped her foot to a tune in her mind and glanced at the telephone and then the clock and then the telephone. Seven o'clock and still Molly had not called. Nora stood and walked four steps to the phone. She let Molly's phone ring ten times before she hung up the receiver. Wonder-

ing if Molly was not at home, Nora walked to the front porch only to see Molly's dark house and no car.

Oh no, Nora thought, Molly must have driven to her sister's house or the store. Molly's driving was almost as slow as her walking. No wonder she was not home yet. It took her ages to drive anywhere. After riding with Molly to a charity program at the women's club three months ago, Nora always had anything she needed delivered to her home. Molly had not appreciated Nora gasping every time Molly changed lanes. And she had almost screamed when Molly made a U-turn on a four lane highway and without looking to see how heavy the traffic had been. Nora was surprised Molly had never had an accident. She supposed drivers watched out for the elderly drivers in their compact Ramblers and old Fords.

Nora read a few more pages of *Jane Eyre* before the clock chimed eight times. She couldn't remember how many times she had read the book before. Probably ten or twelve. After skimming a few more pages, she skipped to the middle of the book—she didn't like the beginnings of books. Something made a slight sound in the back of the house; Nora got up and walked around the house limbering her muscles, talking to her plants and turning off lights. When she returned to the living room, it was a little after nine o'clock. She switched on the television and watched Carol Burnett until she couldn't stand another minute of it. Nora picked up *Jane Eyre* again, and this time she flipped to the end—her favorite part of the book—and read until way past ten.

As Nora put her novel back into the bookcase, she heard a car coming down the street. She pulled herself out of the chair and limped stiffly to the front window in time to see Molly's car creep into Molly's driveway. Nora watched as Molly climbed the steps, as awkwardly as Nora had, and then she fumbled with the lock to the front door. Molly's lights flicked on, remained on for a few minutes, and then went off. Molly had forgotten. Nora stared into the darkness for a few more minutes, before locking the front door and turning out the living room lights.

Nora walked unsteadily into her bedroom. Her back ached again; and her arthritis was beginning to flare up in her ankles, knees, and arms. She removed her makeup and exchanged her new dress for a long nightgown. Propping her legs up in the large bed helped to ease the stiffness of her tired body. Shortly after she fell asleep, the clock above the piano chimed twelve, and it wasn't her birthday any longer.

Debbie Jones

COMMUNITY BALLGAME

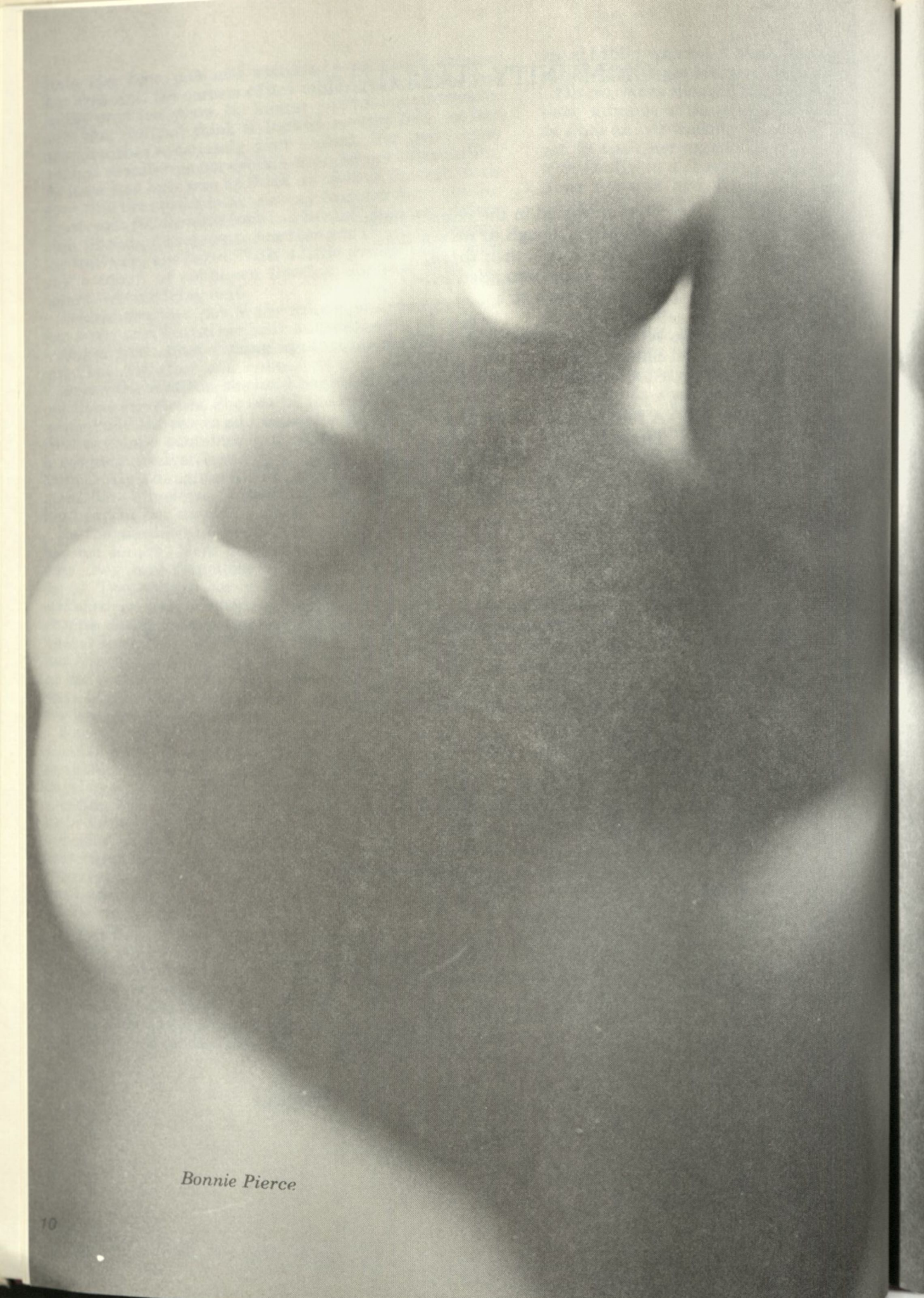
They gathered in the churchyard—
Regularly, though at no set time.
First came one, then three,
Then a dozen straggled in.
There was one girl,
Tall and thin,
Who wore a teller's cap.
She was a valued player,
So the guys welcomed her there.

A real variety of children—
Though all the same color—
A couple were probably in senior high,
But more came from the grade school.
Two proud fathers and the preacher
Were gathered to cheer and beam.
Eventually one father started pitching,
And the other two men laughed.

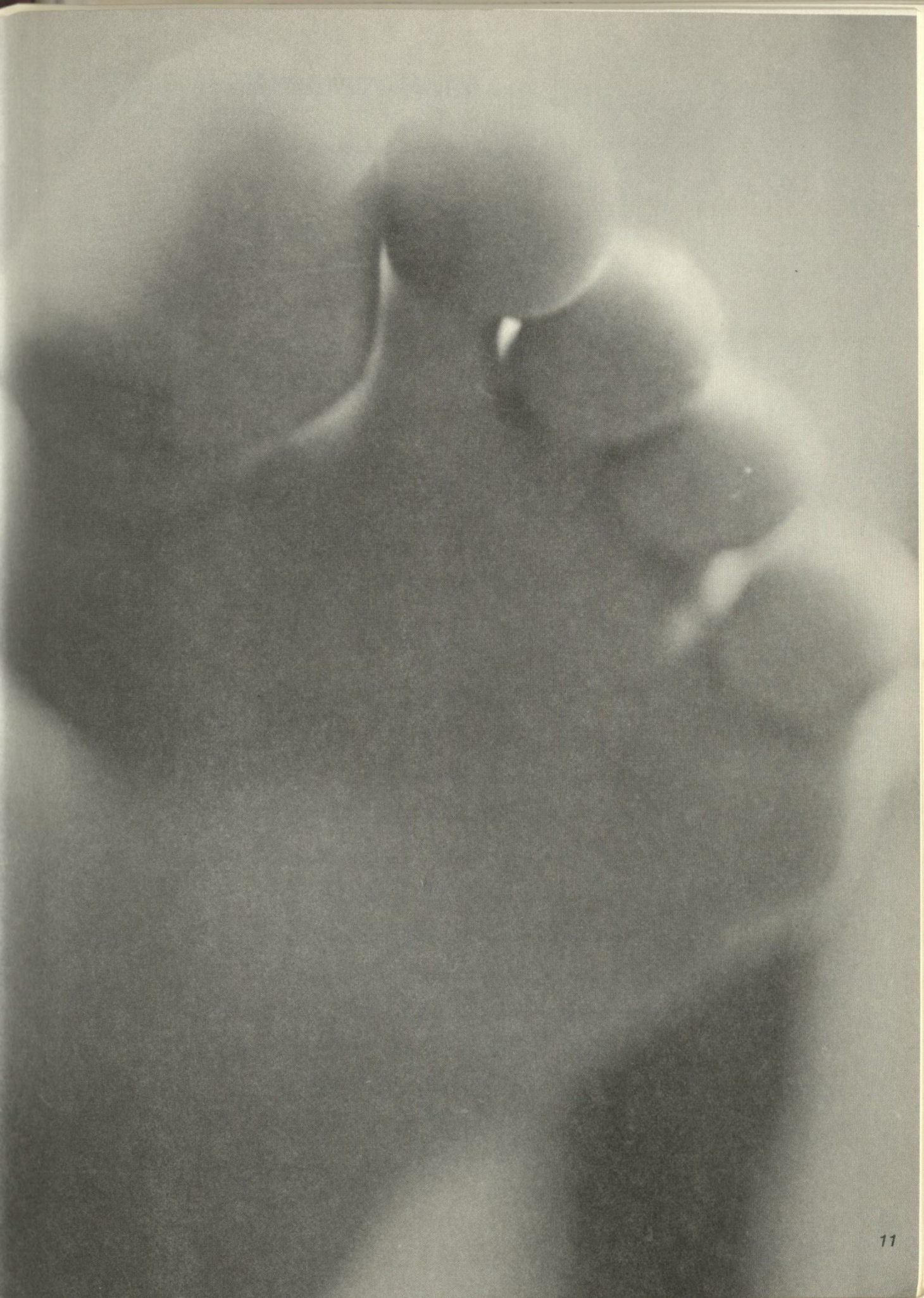
Little feet scurried around the bases—
A brick, a jar, and a sweater.
The pitching father did fancy tricks
With the tattered old ball
That once belonged to an older son.
A boy not more than yard in height
Hit a grounder—
But it got him to second!

The preacher laid aside his coat
And felt called to be backcatcher.
A few boys stared at such a thing
But soon forgot it, as children do.
A break for water with the teams tied—
One father and son left,
Then another boy.
The girl wandered off
And gradually the others
The tattered baseball
Lay under a tree.
It would be found again.

Madge



Bonnie Pierce



DARKNESS

Let the day be gone;
and the light be gone;
and the night with its complete darkness
cover my mind.

Lisa Blasingame

FROM A GUITAR'S SIMPLE SONG

Two gentle faces turned towards the sky,
Synchronized voices letting tunes fly.
The night, somehow, is holy, as music bends each ear,
Melodies and words begging souls to hear.
A momentary glance, and the people feel the joy
Of peaceful understanding in sharing someone's story.
Where are mortal words to relate communion's sound?
Yet, when coupled with the music the unity is found;
In the infinite gift of eternity of sharing things to be.

Janet Ort

SERENITY RAIN

The water ripples over the asphalt

Three stories below.

Little green leaves

Play in the cold, gentle wind.

Further on, children and a dog

Run along a wide veranda.

A shy cloud creeps up the hill

And meets the red brick walls.

The people inside are laughing

And warm.

They don't notice the shower

On the lily in the window.

Just outside, the mountains stand

And drink the sky's cool nourishment.

Animals run across the belly

Of raised stone and earth.

The mountains have seen many storms,

And will survive to see more.

The clapping of lightening

Or the patter of a small, grey cloud

Does not arouse fright

In the old grandfathers

Of the fertile valleys.

They stand guard, and sleep,

With the same serenity.

Madge



Bonnie Pierce

SOLDIER'S RITES

Leave him beneath the ox
In the pasture where he fell
Pierced and shocked
By the orange fury of the shell.

Do not cluster, vulture-like,
To debate how
Six men can move a cow
From a dead man's chest.

Both were born for pangs and death.
These have come.
So leave them there as one
Killed by the same shrieking life.

Leave them in care of sun and air
To rise again as daffodils
Or pasture grass
To feed an ass.

Arch Beckelheimer



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READY AND WAITING

She strolled through the open air halls of the mausoleum as if she were window shopping. There were days when coming here seemed the only thing to do—something about the weather or the time of the year suggested a trip to the cool halls and marble floors and walls. It had been almost two months now since the last time and she needed to go. No other place could make her feel as alone or as alive.

Her eyes scanned the marble slabs, read the names, and in her mind she unconsciously subtracted the dates to find the age of death. Men and women lay encased in either wall; some were old and others would be forever young.

The names interested her, all so carefully engraved in the solid stones. Somewhere people still spoke those names, she thought, and the dates were engraved in minds, as well as marble. The names had children, grandchildren, even houses or some treasured piece of jewelry kept in an old box and shown to a young child.

Turning the corner, she kept her eyes on the walls for her feet knew exactly where she wanted to go. She felt comfortable here, in this cool quiet place and walked casually as if it were her own. While reading the names on the next wall, she stopped. In the middle of a row of names and dates, she read a name and only a date of birth. James Whitcome, born in 1922, was still alive, she thought, but had made all the necessary preparations. He had walked into an office and bought his own tomb and had had his name put permanently on the slab. He now sat in another office or in front

of a television, felt proud of himself and waited. The girl read his name again and wondered what he looked like, alive and waiting. She stood for another moment, then walked away and wanted to forget the labeled, empty space.

Glancing toward the end of the corridor, she found herself in the right place. The name she searched for was five slabs away and she knew all of the names around it. Walking slower, no longer reading and subtracting, she approached her destination and sat down on the cold marble floor. She read the name and date aloud, as she always did. This convinced her that this was not just a place where his name could be found, but that he actually lay inches behind that grey white wall. Staring at the precisely engraved letters, she ran her fingers over each of them and felt the date as she pressed it under her fingertips. Today she wanted him to see her and listen to her for only a few minutes. She was so different now, she thought, he'd never known enough about her. There were places she had been, things she had done, and he would never know. He had been here behind six inches of solid rock, deaf, dumb, and blind, for years.

Often she dreamed of finding him, hidden in an old barn and very much alive. In the dreams, they had talked and she promised never to tell anyone that he hadn't stayed cold and stiff in the mausoleum. Other times, she had seen him in a crowd or sitting alone in a cheap dim restaurant. She always woke startled and hopefully afraid.

Forgetting the dreams, which brought him back to life so easily, she saw herself standing in the steps in front of her house. She wore a dress that was too mature and dark for her adolescent form and face. She and her mother walked stiffly down the steps to a shining navy blue cadillac and a stranger opened the car door. The man smiled weakly at her, and she wanted to slap him. She slid into the backseat of the long dark car, and the man shut the door in an unnaturally quiet way. From the window, she watched people coming out of the house, getting into cars, straightening hats and ties. All of them moving so much slower than usual. The car eased down the street and she saw no further than the spotless windshield. The cemetery was minutes from her house, but the car turned every corner too carefully and waited for hours at every stop sign. From the back seat she looked over the driver's black shoulder; the car was going twelve miles an hour and she almost laughed. Other cars filled with talking or smiling figures pulled awkwardly to the side of the street. She thought how ridiculous it was for a stranger to pause for a few seconds, because her father had stopped forever. She wanted them to speed past and leave her unnoticed in the stretching conspicuous cadillac. The feel of the plush seat and carpet made her nervous and every piece of chrome blinked spitefully in the sunlight. No one had spoken since they left the house and when she cleared her throat it sounded like a gun firing.

The front of the car crept through the iron gates of the cemetery and followed metal, arrow-shaped markers with her last name printed over the word "funeral." It came to a gliding stop in front of the mausoleum. She was glad that her father would not be put into the ground. Another dark-suited stranger opened the car door and extended a hand. She ignored the hand and stepped out of the horrible expensive car. She saw lines of cars and a crowd of people stood waiting, wondering if she would break-down and give them something to talk about on the way home. There was not a sound except her mother's black shoes on the sidewalk.

The folding chair felt cold, her face felt hot, and most of the flowers were yellow. She heard the words "good man," "resting place," and "another life," and then realized that she was sitting in the velvety back seat of the cadillac. The same men were closing doors, people walked quickly now, car doors slammed, and they drove away faster than they had arrived.

The sound of footsteps on the marble floor brought her abruptly through five years and back to the mauso-

leum, sitting cross-legged in front of the name and She heard two footsteps come to a stop and then away until they faded into a car starting. She felt someone had entered her room without knocking woken her from an afternoon nap by shouting shaking her. She wanted to remember the ride from father's funeral but couldn't. She longed to recall pitying glance but they had been lost and diluted years of change. She sat and dredged her memory some sequence of events after the funeral, tried, operately to fall back into her reverie. Nothing came mind—no face, no words, not even any tears. Wasn't she able to remember the rest of the day, asked herself angrily. It was so important to go every unbearable detail but somehow, somewhere, had lost them. She wanted to strip away the covers and expose a raw stinging memory. It was useless. She brushed her hand over her father's name and rose her feet.

She walked down the hall, around the corner, here read only her way out of the marble coolness and in the sunlight. The sun seemed to know its place and surrounded only the outside of the building. Its rays played only at the ends of the corridors, never venturing down them. She shuffled through the gravel parking lot and got into the car. As she started the motor, she caught her eye in the rear-view mirror. Her relative said that she favored her father and now she studied her face to find some resemblance. She pulled her long sandy hair away from her face and searched for her father's features. Her mother's nose sat prominently on her face and she covered it with her hand. That was better, she thought, trying to forget that her nose was so unlike her father's. She stared in the small mirror for a few minutes until she saw them. Her father's smiling eyes were alive and he stared back at her, never blinking.

She drove home slowly, taking corner carefully and coming to a full halt at every stop sign. Just before she reached the driveway, she thought of Mr. Whitcome born in 1922. She despised him and his empty tom She saw him in an office with his feet propped up on the desk, ready and waiting. She remembered telling friends that she was ready, and that her father would live much longer. How unforgivably brave she had been. But Whitcome was even braver. In her mind, she saw his wife in black and laughed until she tasted a salty sting in the corner of her mouth.

Delia Tine

THE WESLEYAN WOMAN'S COLLEGE GAME:

RULE BOOK

INTRODUCTION

You are a young, exciting, college woman of the 70's! A good education is your main goal, but you don't mind having a good time while you're at it. Will you graduate in three years, get elected Homecoming Queen, or become a soccer jock? It's all in how you play WESLEYAN, an exciting, rewarding trip into the world of a woman's college.

EQUIPMENT

The equipment consists of a playing board, a pack of SOCIAL cards, a pack of ACADEMIC cards, 6 playing pieces, 1 die, and a supply of play money.

PREPARATION

Place the playing board in the center of the play area. Each player selects a playing piece which she places on the FALL REGISTRATION space. Shuffle each of the two packs of cards separately (the ACADEMIC cards and the SOCIAL cards) and put them face down in the spaces at the center of the board. Select one player to be the banker. She gives each player including herself \$15,000 and places the balance of the cash in a convenient location. The student banker is in charge of all the money throughout the game.

THE PLAY

Players roll die for high score to determine who goes first. The high girl then rolls die and moves her piece the number of spaces indicated; only after she has paid her tuition to the banker. She then takes whatever steps she chooses within the following rules:

If a player lands on a space which says:

REGISTRATION FALL - pay \$1,750 before moving on.

SPRING - pay \$1,250 before moving on.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS - miss one turn.

HONOR COURT - miss one turn.

HOMECOMING - All players roll die, highest wins Soccer Cup, lowest is Homecoming Queen.

JANUARY TERM - miss one turn, earn one credit.

STUNT - All players roll die, highest wins Stunt Cup, lowest receives scholarship.

SUMMER SCHOOL - earn 2 credits and move ahead to FALL REGISTRATION.

JOB - earn \$200 time roll of die.

EXAMS - roll a #3 to move; after 3 tries move on fourth roll. Automatically earn 4 credits unless cards have specified otherwise this semester.

SCORING - Each player has a score sheet and is responsible for keeping her Transcript up to date. Upon reaching the end of the semester and passing the Exam space the student adds 4 credits to her Transcript, unless the Academic cards have specified otherwise that semester. Also list all honors won on your Transcript; a student may only win the same honor once.

WINNING THE GAME

The first student to earn 36 credits graduates and WINS the game. In case of a tie, the girl with the most honors wins.

Males may play the game but cannot win.

Lynn McGuire

